But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to bee a childe:
Becauſe, in choyce, he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boyes, in game, themſelues forſweare:
So, the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine:
And when this haile ſome heate, from *Hermia*, felt,
So he diſſolued, and ſhowrs of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Purſue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expenſe:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and back againe. Exit

Enter Quince, *the Carpenter; and* Snugge, *the Ioyner;* a
Bottom, *the Weauer; and* Flute, *the Bellowes mender;*
Snout, *the Tinker; and* Starueling *the Tayler.*

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man b
man, according to the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which
thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, b
fore the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at nigh

Bott. Firſt good *Peeter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats o
then read the names of the Actors: & ſo grow to a point.

Qu

Quin. Mary, our Play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I aſſure you, & a merry. Now good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by the ſcrowle. Maſters, ſpreade your ſelues.

Quin. Anſwere, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the Weauer?

Bott. Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kils himſelfe, moſt gallant, for loue.

Bott. That will aſke ſome teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I wil mooue ſtormes: I will condole, in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging rocks: and ſhiuering ſhocks, ſhall breake the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make & marre the fooliſh Fates. This was loftie. Now, name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyranss vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Flute, you muſt take *Thiſby*, on you.

Fla. What is *Thiſby*? A wandring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* muſt loue. (ming.

Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a womã: I haue a beard cõ-

Quin. Thats all one: you ſhall play it in a Maſke, and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thiſby* to: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voice; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus*, my louer deare, thy *Thyſby* deare, & Lady deare.

Qu. No, no: you muſt play *Pyramus*: & *Flute*, you *Thyſby*.

Bot. Well, proceede. *Qu. Robin Starueling*, the Tailer?

Star. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thyſbyes* mother: